

The Shaking Foundation of Christian Support

The following is drawn from the second chapter of the second book of True Parents' Life Course (참부모님 생애 노정). The book is composed of excerpts from Father's speeches over many years, arranged more or less chronologically in the form of an autobiographical account. A series of these books—twelve volumes so far—have been published in Korean. The English version is far from complete and has never been made available as a published text. It was prepared (at some speed) for the benefit of the True Children in their younger years. This excerpt has been edited for Today's World.

My being in Pyongyang caused uproar, and my being in Seoul caused uproar as well. I caused problems wherever I went. Why did I become the object of such criticism? In whatever neighborhood I went to, rather than sleep, people wanted to come to where I was.

Why did they do that? When I met children, I told them interesting stories. They even forgot when it was time to eat. I am very good at playing with children. I would devise hundreds of different things for us to do together, and we would have a lot of fun.

I did that kind of thing at the house I was staying at in Pyongyang. Even when I met three-year olds, I used to bow to them. I used to serve young children as I would serve Heaven. Jesus said you cannot enter the kingdom of heaven unless you are like a child, so I started with children. You should love children so much that you can teach them with tears; love them as you would love Heaven. I wrote a poem about young children and made it into a song, so I could praise them as God's sons and daughters.

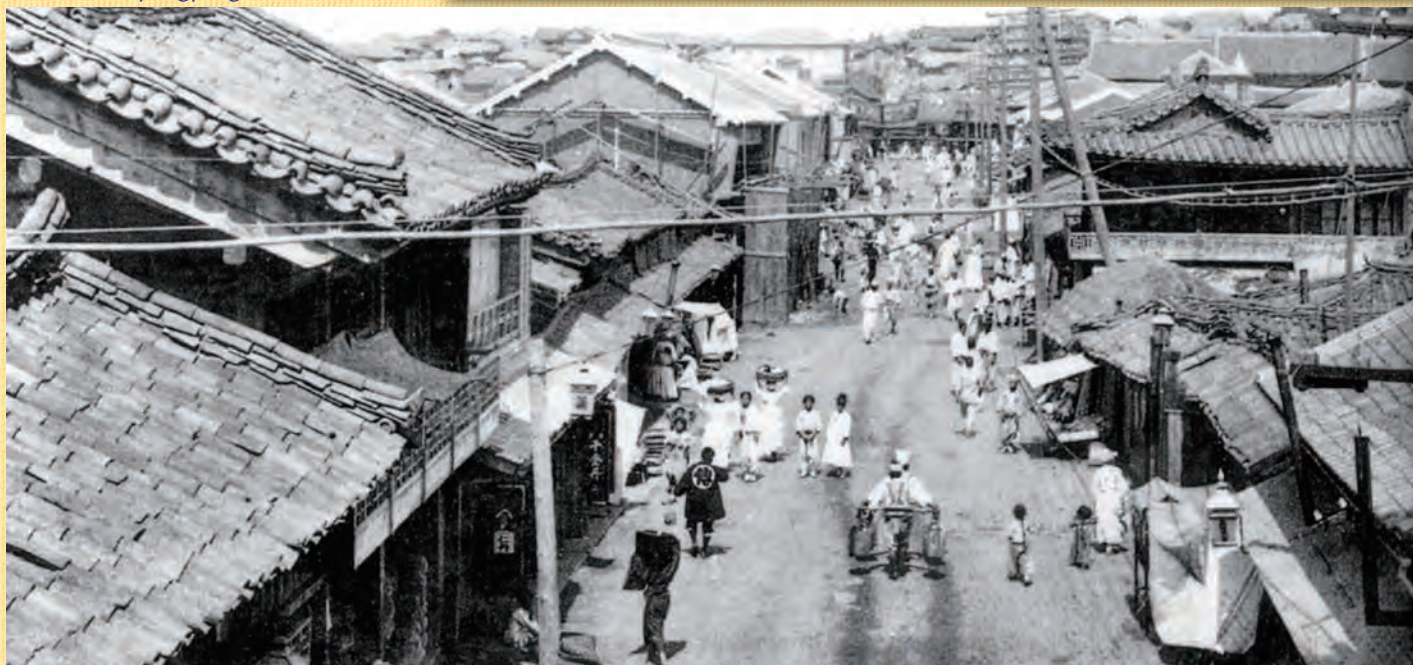
You have to respect and praise children as though they are God's children. When that happens, you can receive God's official recognition, and you will be able to sing praises for a baby. I made a relative base so that they could receive those things with joy and through this, for the first time, I had a place to stand.

Prayers and longing for members

Satan was extremely active when I was in Pyongyang. In such a situation, I prayed for all the members. If I prayed for a member in the morning, that member would surely visit me later in the day. In Pyongyang, I so yearned to see members that I used to wait outside the front gate to see if any were coming.

I used to talk with old grandfathers and grandmothers throughout the entire night. Our young Unification Church leaders say, "Oh, I don't like old people!" But that is wrong; you have to treat everybody well. A person comes on the foundation of prayer; but if you don't treat everyone with the same heart, you will be in debt.

A view of Pyongyang in the 1930s



There was a woman who was an important figure in the providence. I visited her house for a year and a half and witnessed to her husband and all the other members of her family. The husband might have wanted to kill me, but he couldn't do anything. He couldn't oppose me since I hadn't done anything wrong. He may have complained in his mind, but all his children liked me, so it would only have resulted in his looking bad if he opposed me. I ate meals at that house for a year and a half and witnessed to all of them.

People led by the spirit world

Even though I worked hard, I am very thankful to God that He had already prepared people to meet me. There were people who had been prepared by Heaven to follow me even before they saw me—even before I was born.

In Pyongyang, I met a lady who was older than I—about twenty or thirty years older—who said to me, “I was led by the spirit world to I meet you.” What puzzled her was that she had met me and been taught by me when she was only twenty-four years old. I wasn't even born then. It is not something that can be easily understood.

Because God, who governs the heart, has the spiritual capability that allows for future encounters, it is possible to transcend time in the spirit world. That's why a person can be destined to meet someone in the future.

When I was in Pyongyang, all the grandmothers who joined the Unification Church had been led by the spirit world to do so. Any of those grandmothers, even if she had just touched a piece of my clothing, would return home and dance, or something like that. Why do you think that was? It was not because I did magic! It was because they had discovered an atmosphere of true love.

The members I met in Pyongyang

This was true for Grandmother Ok [Ok Se-hyun]. Nobody witnessed to her. She had been told in her prayers that the Lord would come. God had told her through the spirit world that the Lord would not come on the clouds but in the flesh, as a man. That's why she believed it, even if everyone told her not to.

There was also a wealthy church elder who did what she said she would. She had ten sons and daughters and was an important person in Kyongchang-ri. She lived in grand style. After she met me, however, her husband and even her children beat her, so she left home to follow me. She had been a member of the Jangdaehyon Church, a famous church in Pyongyang. An elder's wife turning out like this, **wreaking** havoc in her family, suddenly turned everything upside down.

I met Grandmother Ji Seung-do then, too. They have been with me for all these years and they still testify to me.¹ I don't

1 Ok Se-hyun's Seunghwa Ceremony was on January 3, 1998; Ji Seung-do's was held on April 19, 1988.

have to boast about anything; they do it for me. It is quite interesting, isn't it? Something new can be created from that.

She used to come up to me and grab hold of my hands saying, “Oh, I missed you.” Then she would kiss me! If you think of it from the worldly point of view, it's upsetting for some. Even today she still says, “When I was younger I had to see True Parents at least three times a day or I couldn't eat or do anything. I still feel like that. What's wrong with me? Even now I can't live alone. I have to go and see True Parents.”

Then there was Kim In-ju. When I was in North Korea, this lady's father-in-law was an elder in a Presbyterian church. He was a strict Christian. His eldest daughter-in-law had seemingly gone crazy by following this man Moon; he saw it as a threat to his lineage, so he shackled and whipped her. Under those circumstances, she came to the Unification Church, if only to catch a glimpse of me, and spent all night in tears. How can you stop such a thing? You cannot block the course of true love.



Grandmother Ok Se-hyun, True Father,
Grandmother Ji Seung-do and Kim won-pil

You don't know, but I have kept Kim Won-pil with me until today because in his historical background there is something that aligns with the substance of the providence. Only the spirit world knows about this.

Then there is Chung Dal-ok.² Her father was a minister and her older brother was a minister. She came from that kind of home. Her minister father and grandfather came and persecuted her tremendously. I could relate many such stories about this.

The fact that I blessed the person I loved the most with the daughter of someone who was so violently opposed to me was the beginning of my tying up the enemy world. She is eight years older than Won-pil. He has walked such a historical course and contributed so much to the furtherance of my will, tasting both what is sweet and bitter. He is a completely faithful and righteous person.

Remembering old ties

These people had the heart to put living for God's will and the country before even their children or anyone

else. They were willing to go this way even under threat of death. They were whipped and beaten, their bones were broken and their heads were smashed. Under such terrible conditions, they said, Even if I die, even if we perish, God and True Parents' goals will surely be realized. Restoration starts from such a point.

I dearly miss those people from long ago. If those grandmothers who prepared a birthday table for me were still living, I would really like to kill a cow, even a hundred cows, and prepare a feast for them. It seems like only yesterday. I have often had such thoughts.

There were many people like this in the early stages of the Unification Church. When I was suffering in prison, they came and visited me. When I think about old times, I recall those historical events like a panoramic movie. I am indebted

2 Kim Won-pil's wife; she ascended on October 4, 2000.

to many people. I met those early members in wretched, pitiful circumstances and I want to keep my connection with them.

A foundation teetering on the edge

I was imprisoned on August 11, 1946, accused of using religion to deceive members of the North Korean Communist Party. What was the reason for this happening to me?

You have probably heard of the Inside the Belly Church. In June 1946, the Communist Party started to clamp down on new religions, which had sprung up all over North Korea. These groups could not avoid being censored. When Huh Ho-bin's group was exposed, she was accused of deceiving ordinary people under the cloak of religion. People had sold their possessions and made clothes for Jesus that would fill several trucks. I was arrested because of Huh Ho-Bin's spiritual group. And in light of the fact that I had arrived from South Korea, they accused me of being an agent for Syngman Rhee.

According to the principles imbuing the providence of restoration, I was not able to seek out the group that was waiting for and preparing to meet me. If the leader of that prepared group, Huh Ho-bin, had prayed to God to ask where the Lord was, God would have told her. I waited until they came to me. I sent someone to that group to tell Huh Ho-bin that she should pray to find out what kind of group I was leading. But Mrs. Huh was waiting for a large sign from Heaven; she wasn't expecting one young man, so she sent my messenger away. I then sent a young woman, but there was no response at all from the group.

Nevertheless, because God had to take responsibility for the woman He had prepared, He sent me to prison. While I was in prison from August 11 to 21, 1946, I met the leaders of her group, I met Mrs. Huh's husband and the president of the group, and I told them the path they should take.

Advice given but ignored

In prison, Hwang Won-shin, who worked with Mrs. Huh and was responsible for general education and other aspects of the group's activities, was put into the cell I was in. It was August 11, at about eleven o'clock. The next morning, he bowed to me. I asked him why he was bowing to me, and he said, "I know about you. I have something to tell you." He proceeded to tell me everything about his group. The spirit world had ordered him to report everything to me. I told him what his responsibility was and what steps he should take.

I told him to tell Huh Ho-bin that she must get out of prison quickly. If she did not get out, everything would be lost there. Hwang Won-shin followed my advice and was released from prison. He visited me after I was released and said that however earnestly he tried to persuade his church members, they wouldn't listen to him.

After Mr. Hwang was released, Huh Ho-bin's husband came to the cell I was in. I gave him the same advice I had given Hwang, but he said he would follow his wife. He wasn't willing to accept my suggestions.

Finally, on the morning of September 18, I wrote a letter to Huh Ho-bin. I had asked one of the people who delivered meals to give it to her for me. She was going to tear it up and throw it away after reading it but one of the communist guards discovered it on her. That was because the person who had conveyed the note to her had told the guard. So I was tortured. This began at two o'clock in the afternoon of September 18, 1946. That was when this molar cracked; they kicked over the chair I was sitting on; I fell onto my face.

They accused me of being a spy.

Overcoming torture

Long ago, in the days when the communists were torturing me, I made a firm resolution that no matter how harshly I was whipped, no matter how severely I was beaten, I would endure. Even if they beat me everywhere, and from all twelve directions, I would endure without saying a word.

There is something called a bull penis stick. You don't know what that is, do you? It is a weapon made of a bull's penis. It is like leather, but it is worse than leather. It is this long and it folds inside itself. If someone is hit with one of those, it deeply cuts into his flesh and blood flows from the lash marks. When I was being hit with one, I said to myself, "Hit me all you want!"

What would be the value of the sweat I shed in that humiliating situation? It is more valuable than if I had produced beads of sweat through physical exertion, or if I had sweat blood. You need to know this. It is more valuable than tears I would have shed. I sat for a week and wept so much that my eyes could not bear to open in the daylight. Why? Because I was realizing for the first time that God was so miserable. Because I understood this, even when I was in prison being tortured, shedding blood and nearing death, I comforted God saying, "Heavenly Father, don't worry. I am not weak. I can prevail over any intimidation from Satan."

During the Soviet era, I was even tortured by not being allowed to sleep for a week. Thinking, "Hey fellow, will you prevail or will I?" I considered it an exciting challenge. For most ordinary people, one week without sleep would lead them to give everything away in a state of mindlessness. I kept my eyes open but actually slept quite well. I discovered a way to do this. Because I trained myself, even if I feel sleepy now I use this method!

When the communists were investigating me, I was placed in a bright red room without any food for a week. Sitting in a bright red room drives you crazy. You can't see anything. But I can sleep with my eyes open. When you look, my eyes are open, but I am actually sleeping. Rumors spread that I was a shaman. If you lock such a person in a room, he will open the door and come out, so I had seven people watching me, twenty-four hours a day.

An outstretched hand of sympathy

There is something I can't forget. Many times, I was tortured or forced into a position where I couldn't move my body. In that state, when I felt God embrace me and feed me Himself, I could feel how much He loved and dearly cherished me. I know that God, who protected me in that place of death, would do the same for you.

If you start down the road toward death, preparations for a benefactor to appear will have been made. When I went to the communist world, there was one person who would beat me without caring if I died or not. Then another person would come with rice snacks and other tasty food. He tried to comfort me, saying, "That policeman beat you too much because that is the kind of person he is. Please don't think that all policemen here are like that." He was quiet and even wanted to run errands for me. When you reach the peak of being treated unfairly, such things happen.

There are two people I can't forget from that time—the chief investigator Mr. Hong, and Pak Chan-jeong, who was in charge of everything in the police station. I'll meet those people again someday. **YW**